The
COMMONWEAL

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Why Scrap It?

BY DINT of four coal strikes since last May John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers have bullied our hard-pressed nation into granting their wage increase demands virtually to the last penny. All we can hope is that they will thereby really provide more coal for war production. The immediate inflationary effect of this unpatriotic high-handedness is not negligible. But the spur it gives to everyone else to try to get theirs while they can threatens to sweep aside our barrier against runaway inflation. The 15 percent raise in wages which comprises the Little Steel formula is now threatened from all sides.

The CIO, from which the 530,000 miners have seceded, has already inaugurated a campaign for pay rises for 3,000,000 of its members, with the 900,000 United Steel Workers in the van. To be sure, the CIO plans to submit its demands to the War Labor Board and is still committed to a no-strike pledge in this national emergency. Something highly symptomatic is the letter from Davis of the WLB to Henry A. Wallace to the effect that except for the coal miners organized labor has made the heavier sacrifices thus far in the war.

In order to determine what justification there is for such sentiments President Roosevelt has appointed a special WLB committee with 60 days in which to report on actual living costs. This has not restrained the CIO and others from proceeding with their plans.

To complete this sorry picture the so-called "Big-Four" farm organizations, largely the representatives of big time commercial agricultural interests, must be introduced. The inroads they have made, thanks to Southern support in Congress, have been even more deadly to the anti-inflation program than have the miners' more publicized grabs. Mr. Lewis with his beetling brows, massive frame and colorful speech makes good newspaper copy; the old hands that run things in our South and for the "farm bloc" do not, although their political pressure has even worse consequences for the nation.

This so-called farm bloc has in brief held out for runaway prices for agricultural commodities. Here is the chance for the big farm interests—and incidentally a number of individual farmers—to cash in. War or no war they'll never again have so good a chance. And so they have consistently opposed the President's plan for subsidies and returned again and again to the attack. The subsidy system is to give incentives to producers and processors to go all out with the definite assurance that if ceiling prices for commodities (to prevent inflation) do not bring them adequate returns, it will be made up by government subsidies to them. To this the politically powerful farm interests oppose unrestricted commodity prices regardless of the national interest. As a spectacle it is anything but inspiring.

What next, now that Lewis has pulled off his grab and the farm interests have made such inroads on the anti-inflationary subsidy program? Granting wage increases all along the line would only make things worse—better let the coal miners who have so long been underpaid have their ill-gotten wage-rise all by themselves. If war wages were low, it would be one thing, but obviously they are high. Secondly, hold fast to the farm subsidy program. Finally, rigidly enforce regulations against excessive war profits. Advisable as it is to attempt to equalize war sacrifices, it is absolutely essential at all hazards to prevent runaway inflation.

Self-Interest, Too

NOW that hearings are being held on the Taft-Gillette Resolution, which provides for sending food at once to feed Europe's children, it seems appropriate to underline one reason for our acting as these two Senators urge us to act. It is a reason little appreciated and rarely stressed, for to state it gives a generous mind a feeling of embarrassment. Obviously there is a noble motive for wishing to alleviate suffering. Obviously the impulses of generosity and the dictates of charity

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require it. But such noble motives make little appeal as compared with the less noble motive of self-interest, and it cannot be too greatly emphasized that self-interest should prompt us to act here precisely as generosity and charity demand that we act.

Throughout almost all Europe a whole generation of children is already undernourished; only in Germany does there seem to be anything even vaguely approaching a reasonable diet available. If we allow this condition to continue, we may end the war with only a German younger generation psychologically and physically unaffected by starvation. It is a matter of human experience, scientifically demonstrable, that continued undernourishment in youth produces adults unbalanced and tending toward violence. We talk about taking political steps to reduce the likelihood of another world war, following the present tragic struggle. No political step can be half as important in effecting this as would be the relatively much simpler process of doing all we can to prevent the next generation of Europeans from being a warped and twisted generation, ready to accept, as did today's warped and twisted generation of Germans, any doctrine which caters to its taste for violence and its lack of balance. If we do not take this simple precaution in our own interest, historians will surely describe us as utterly foolish and shortsighted.

Better to Grin and Bear It

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Dr. Francis E. McMahon's connection with Notre Dame University has been severed seems to us to be important only for one reason—judging from the information which has appeared in the newspapers. It establishes what we believe is a precedent unfortunate for academic freedom in Catholic institutions of learning. Father O'Donnell, the President of Notre Dame, makes it quite clear in his statement that Dr. McMahon's views are not heterodox as far as faith and morals are concerned and likewise pays him a tribute for his competence as a teacher. Father O'Donnell insists that the reason for the break was the danger that Dr. McMahon's views be considered the views of the university, which, of course, can only be properly expressed by the President of the university. Difficulties of this sort are constantly arising in the administration of any enterprise which is conducted in the public interest. Obviously the administrators of such an enterprise have a right to take whatever steps they may deem necessary to disassociate their institution from the views of individuals connected with that institution. But in taking such steps, one should be bound by the procedure which custom has come to accept as the correct procedure, and there is something thoroughly repellent in the procedure which Father O'Donnell says he suggested to Professor McMahon as a means of solving the difficulty. "Dr. McMahon was simply requested to submit a list of his speaking engagements, an account of his press releases and the contents of his addresses so that precautions might be suggested by the university administration for separating the name and influence of Notre Dame from Dr. McMahon's position." No university professor could be expected to accede to such a proposal. We believe it would have been wiser had the authorities at Notre Dame simply informed Dr. McMahon that they no longer wished to have him on their faculty, stating the reasons for their decision, and, perhaps, holding a hearing to determine whether their charges were justified.

To make this criticism is not in any way to imply our adherence to Dr. McMahon's views. He has been courageously critical of Father Coughlin; we have been strongly opposed to Father Coughlin ourselves. He has called Franco a fascist, and we have done likewise. But before Pearl Harbor he took what we considered a dogmatic and doctrinaire attitude toward America's intervention in the war, an attitude which we never found sympathetic; and in his advocacy of positions with which we in general agreed, we also found his tone much too absolute and intransigent. Obviously he has aroused pressure against him from persons and organizations of a species we reprobate; the fact is that Catholic institutions are at present sadly sensitive to this pressure, a relatively recent phenomenon in American Catholic life which we find disturbing in the extreme, for it operates to make the Church in general seem sympathetic to the fascistic tendency of this loudmouthed minority. We can only hope that as time goes on a genuine immunity to its pressure will be built up.

Former Senator Norris

ONE of the by-products of the Senate's passing the Connally Resolution was an extraordinary statement given by former Senator Norris to the United Press. It again indicates the honesty and stature of this grand old man, whose age is certainly not betrayed in his thinking. It will be remembered that in 1919 he voted against the United States joining the League of Nations and was one of those who most intransigently campaigned against President Wilson's ideas on American foreign policy. He now tells us that he has changed his mind. "The reason is that changed circumstances demand changed attitudes." Now whether or not you agree with Mr. Norris's present position, it is surely a noble thing to find him saying what he thinks when it is so easy for politicians to fall into a habit of reiterating their old battle cries, of never admitting that new situations require new attitudes.

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The Advocates

M. AND MADAME PIGEON lie on their marble bed in the Paris cemetery and at their feet stands the lamp which made their fortune, the night lamp which hung in all the halls of France for a man in slippers to take when there was the sound of a burglar. A preposterous monument which has delighted the French for many years. But then there is the "tomb of the baker" in Rome and this need to identify the memory of a man's life. There is the simple cross with the photograph of the young soldier as he was when he was called to military service, there is Baudelaire's tomb, there are the marble angels affixed by iron supports to broken columns, there are the expensive temples and the minor alleys of the cemetery leading to the humbler tombs; there is the gray sky and everywhere in the cemetery people are planting flowers, turning the earth with the spades they have brought with them and everywhere in the subways, in the buses and along the avenues leading to the cemetery the families carry the flowers of the dead, the chrysanthemums, to the dead they visit on this day of the year. That is the way it is in Paris on All Souls Day and in Genoa they light thousands of lamps on the graves and when dusk comes there are these flames flickering everywhere in the half light and in Paris, in Italy, all over Europe, the crowds go out the cemetery gates and it is entirely dark by the time they have reached home.

Perhaps this year the living hardly know how to take care of the dead. There are too many dead and they are not in the orderly cemeteries; the monuments for them are not erected; the flowers are not planted round the graves; the ivy has not grown round the marble columns; the angels have not been formed in the unquarried stone.

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We who are abroad do not know who is dead and who is alive in Europe. There is a great confusion in Europe between the living and the dead. In the silence of Europe the dead speak to us more clearly than do the living. The memory of Europe is stronger than the presence of Europe. Europe is receding into the past. There are the cemeteries of Europe which have buried our dead for two thousand years; in Rome the dead personage holds a book—the *volumen*—and extends his arm in the gesture of the orator and then later there are the two hands held out in the gesture of the *orante,* there are the first tender and confident epigraphs of the new faith and then, through the centuries, in the churches, in the churchyards, the knights in armor lie still, the peasants lie still with the grain fields about them.

The graves, the buildings, the books, the village church, the cathedral, the trees planted along the roads, the trees planted at the edge of the fields to protect the fields from the wind, the walls round the gardens, round the cemeteries, the canals, the bridges over the rivers, the breakwaters of the ports, that is all we know now of Europe. We know the dead and all that the dead accomplished; we know what the dead made of Europe; they built France, Italy, Germany; they took this land which may have been forest land and they made it into the Europe we know. Every field and village in Europe shows what the dead accomplished. We know also many of the things the dead desired, invented, believed. The images they formed, the rhymes they made, the words they spoke belong to us, live in our minds as long as we live.

It is not the living who are inseparable from us; it is the dead. The living are separated from us very effectively; we do not hear a word they say. In Europe the living are as though they were the dead—but the dead with no message surviving, the dead who had no time to build. The living in Europe are the children who have not yet learned how to speak to us, the old—the young grown old too rapidly—who are dying in a room to which we have no access, and whose message we cannot hear.

If there were not the dead, the dead of the interminable past, our dead in Europe, the dead before there was a Christian faith and the dead after, there would be no Europe for us to be concerned with. If there were not the fields even if they are devastated, if there were not the walls even if broken, if there were not the deserted villages and the autumn mist enveloping the villages so that even the trees and the roofs already are in the mist, the peoples of Europe who are separated from us in the war would be unidentifiable, anonymously unfortunate, masses—a proletariat—wandering homeless over a land that has no name.

The peoples of Europe are befriended only by their dead, identified to us only by their dead, only by their past. There must be a country called France, a country called Germany, a country called Italy—or a Poland—when the war is ended, because there are the dead of centuries in the cemeteries.

In Moscow we deliberate and in Washington in the Senate. But to our councils the living of Europe have sent no satisfactory delegate, the living can send no satisfactory delegate; from the living no one comes whom we can recognize. The living have no convincing evidence to present to us of their identity. Only their dead who are their advocates. The immutable presence of their dead bridges to the future this moment in which we cannot see the living.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Postwar Treaty Making

An inquiry into current American procedure in the light of present needs

Edward Skillin, jr.

THE HEADLINE read, "Moscow Declaration Put Into Connally Resolution," with an optimistic sub-title as to quick Senate adoption, but those who had the curiosity to pursue the story to its conclusion on an inside page encountered a sobering quotation. The second paragraph of the proposed addition to that Senate resolution read: "That pursuant to the Constitution of the United States, any treaty made to effect the purposes of the resolution, on behalf of the Government of the United States with any other nation or any association of nations, shall be made only by and with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." This is an important reminder.

It should underline for Americans the recollection by other nations of the Senate's repudiation of Versailles, the widely held foreign suspicion that the obstacles to American ratification of whatever treaties stem from international agreements such as the Moscow declaration are considerable. There are advantages and disadvantages to our treaty procedure, but in any case American negotiators currently find themselves entrusted with powers far inferior to those of their companions around the diplomatic board.

When a country is run by a boss, Latin-American style, or a monolithic dictator such as Joseph Stalin, there is little difficulty to treaty making. Whatever is OK with the boss can be sealed, signed and delivered without question. Whether the dictatorship observes the treaty for its entire duration then depends only on how long the boss is in power and a certain confidence that he will not experience a change of heart. Where you stand when negotiating with a dictatorship is, then, clearly understood, particularly as states of this nature tend to have a consistent foreign policy as long as Mr. Big continues to crack the whip.

For understanding American procedure, however, it is more fruitful to contrast it with that of another political democracy, Great Britain, the source of so many of our own laws and institutions.

Really to get the idea it is best to advert to one of the ancient tenets of Britain's historic unwritten constitution. It means going back to the days when treaty making in Europe was the prerogative of sovereigns. The idea was that rulers could deal directly with one another. Just as at least in theory and often in practice the rulers of Christian Europe governed in the interests of their people, so too they made treaties. In England, apparently, as power shifted more and more from the King to His Majesty's Ministers, and especially to the Prime Minister, the royal prerogative of negotiating treaties also tended to shift in some degree.

Whatever may have been the detailed steps of the actual process, the fact is that today, the Foreign Secretary—at present Anthony Eden—who is directly responsible to the Prime Minister, has the power to commit Great Britain to whatever international agreements he succeeds in making in her behalf. But this does not give Mr. Eden as much independence in his diplomatic activities as might at first appear. He has to conform to two basic elements which often coalesce into one: the traditional line of British foreign policy (contrary to all talk about muddling through the British do have a consistent line) and British public opinion. In order to make sure that he is not deviating too sharply or stepping out of bounds, the Foreign Secretary leans heavily upon the *Permanent* Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. This post and the bureaucracy attached to it, which are non-political and whose incumbents survive changes of government, have proved a highly effective means of assuring continuity in national foreign policy. Curiously enough, until quite recently the Under-Secretary was the very Lord Vansittart whose ideas about crushing Germany after the war have divided all England into two camps.

The pressure which public opinion can exert upon the Foreign Secretary is well illustrated by the Ethiopian affair. When the British people got wind of the Hoare-Laval negotiations in 1937 and learned that the proposed terms would sell Haile Selassie down the river, they raised such an uproar that the whole thing had to be called off. No negotiator could find himself in a more precarious position than a British plenipotentiary whose actions were being questioned at the time in the House of Commons. No British diplomat could risk it.

In short, the English system gives its representatives greater power than ours; it makes for speedier and more decisive action; it provides a flexibility that is more than handy in *pour-parlers* where exaggerated claims, temporizing, bargain-

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ing and compromise are of the essence. It includes most of the advantages of speaking with authority. Yet in practice the Foreign Secretary's freedom of action is heavily circumscribed by his responsibility to the Prime Minister, the well-established lines of modern British foreign policy and by current public opinion at home. Parliamentary ratification of treaties is in practice automatic.

Although Walter Lippmann clearly shows that Washington, Jefferson, *et al* had no prejudice against the idea of alliances as such and resorted to military alliances with France and Britain when they found it expedient, it is apparent that our Founding Fathers were determined that our nation should not be drawn into the recurring European wars. The two-thirds Senate majority required for American treaty ratification was born of that determination.

Two other conditions might be borne in mind in regard to the procedure which developed in our early treaty making. There was at the time a reservoir of talented potential diplomats—often of the old New England families or Harvard trained—who if called upon could be counted on to handle America's interests with aplomb. Taken as a whole our diplomats are of lesser caliber today, when many of the leading posts abroad are considered plums awarded for heavy contributions to political campaigns or other forms of party service. Also when Benjamin Franklin succeeded in making the 1778 treaty of alliance with Vergennes in Paris, communication with the American Revolutionists at home was quite out of the question. In earlier days there were many reasons for depending very largely on the individual American diplomat's discretion.

For another thing American foreign policy held to a pretty consistent line for our first hundred years. During the greater part of that period it was a hemisphere policy depending except for short intervals upon the British fleet. It was based, in fact, upon a unilateral declaration of policy (the Monroe Doctrine) rather than upon any bilateral or multilateral treaty requiring Senate ratification. As Mr. Lippmann points out, this policy ended at the turn of the century with the spoils of the Spanish-American war. The crux of the matter was the Philippines and curiously enough it took the popular feeling aroused by Aguinaldo's anti-American insurrection to secure by a single vote the ratification of the treaty whereby we annexed the Philippines. Since then there has been no consistent line in our foreign policy to guide our diplomats; we did not even know what we wanted at the peace table in 1919. We did not see what American interests were at stake at the Washington disarmament conference.

When Britain, Russia and others conduct negotiations with us, how much can they count on in the way of American commitment? If it is merely a broad declaration such as that drawn up at Moscow, and it clearly coincides with current American opinion—and if the American negotiator has as much political influence in the Senate as Mr. Hull —then other nations can virtually count on American adherence.

If it comes to treaties with specific terms, then everything at present depends on the likelihood of obtaining that two-thirds Senate majority. There have been many instances in modern history when European and other nations have concluded treaties which they did not ratify, but the present contrast between the powers of American and of British and Russian diplomats is striking none the less.

Not so long ago the Senate renewed, for two years only, the enabling act whereby Secretary Hull concludes reciprocal trade agreements. It is in Latin America that this policy has had its greatest play. And in Latin America, too, we are making a kind of national commitment which is independent of Senate ratification. That is well illustrated by our part in the developing of domestic industry there, as we do with the steel plant at Volta Redonda, Brazil, cited by Nelson Rockefeller in the November 6 *Satevepost*. The handling of a sizable part of the financing by the U. S. Export-Import Bank, the direction of construction and operations by Cleveland engineers, the orders for material and equipment for Volta Redonda placed with nearly 7,000 North American producers indicate the strength and complexity of the new ties being forged with many Latin-American neighbors. Regardless of future treaties the United States is heavily committed to the industrial development of a number of fellow-nations to the South. The use of certain types of equipment as well as financing by development bonds has something permanent about it.

Without for the moment intimating it is good or bad, it is important to see clearly to what extent it is possible for the United States to commit herself also in strictly political matters. We must consider whether our traditional procedure engenders lack of confidence among other nations. Then to conclude whether their resulting attitude will hinder us or not from securing what we seek in world affairs. The advantages of seeing how things are working out while ratification is in process should be carefully weighed as well.

Reverting to the Founding Fathers' principal concern in these matters—to make sure that the United States be prevented from being drawn into Europe's recurring wars, the most threatening danger to our peace they could then foresee—it remains a sound objective. But the modern plane has radically modified the picture. The only way we can refrain from fighting in general Europeans wars—short-lived lesser incidents are a different story—is to use our talents our prestige

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and our material resources to prevent the outbreak of another conflagration. This can be done only in concert with other powers and it seems to require political commitments of a major sort.

Facing this situation squarely inevitably raises the question as to whether or not the United States should devise a new treaty adoption procedure that will enable us to act with greater dispatch in these vital matters. Can we find a different procedure that will provide our negotiators with greater freedom to bargain and agree and at the same time retain ultimate responsibility to the sovereign popular will?

The time has come for us to formulate a definite foreign policy in line with our own interests and the maintenance of peace and justice in the world. We have seen where uncertain drifting has led us; the first world war led directly to the second partly because of American indecisiveness and our last fond illusions that what went on across the seas was hardly our concern. By our joint declaration with Britain, China and Russia we have in fact embarked upon a new foreign policy which meets with the approval of the bulk of the American people. At the least we have announced a new policy of tremendous import.

If we are to carry it out, we shall have to include and ratify a number of new treaties which we shall be pledged to observe for their duration. Hence the importance of re-examining now our present method of making binding international agreements. Have the Founding Fathers in their wisdom unsuspectingly provided an apparatus which works equally well at the end of the eighteenth century and the middle of the twentieth? Do the safeguards which they erected against over-hasty concluding of alliances help or hinder us in making in our smaller world the agreements which will best serve the interests of the nation? Does America's present-day vulnerability to air attack so change the picture that we need to strengthen the hands of our treaty makers by means of an amendment to the Constitution? That is an issue we must face today as the imminence of peace grows brighter. In seeking to build a strong, consistent foreign policy we need the best tools possible for formulating and maintaining it.

The Enemy in Perspective

EMMET LAVERY

QUESTIONS raised by the phrase "nature of the enemy" are quickly provocative these days. How shall we as writers portray the Nazi mind? What is the essence of the Japanese militarist philosophy? How far can the people of Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan be identified with their rulers? Yet two of the questions are clearly craft questions. They concern the "how" of a thing, rather than the "why." They apply to methods, more than to principle. At the risk of making it much too simple, I think it is the nature of man we have to consider, before we consider the nature of the enemy. For we are, in many respects, the very things which we oppose so violently in the enemy. These things must be opposed in ourselves no less than in the enemy, but if we are to achieve a good over-all perspective of the enemy, we shall certainly need, first, to achieve a good over-all perspective on ourselves.

For many people and for many writers, their initial orientation of the enemy is somewhat akin to that of a producer who checked into a Hollywood studio a few months ago. His first question was "How do you treat people around here?" The answer was quick and simple. "Why, we treat people like human beings around here . . . how do you treat them where you come from?"

Yes, whether we like to admit it or not, the enemy is a human being, a human being with all of our weaknesses, as many of our virtues. He is, to be sure, a human being whom we have to subdue, for the good and the peace of the world, but he is a human being just the same. We despise his barbarism and his cruelties, his philosophy and his propaganda, but the inescapable fact remains: he *is* a human being. If we admit this much, the "how" of our questions is rather simple. If the enemy is not an incredible monster, fashioned according to some out-of-this-world formula on a distant planet, he is not so difficult to capture and to project, upon the written page or upon a motion picture screen. True, you have to study him rather carefully. He is full of many contradictions. It is fatal to pigeonhole him prematurely. It is folly to try to cast him according to certain preconceived types. But I see no particular mystery about him, once we admit he is a human being. At least no mystery beyond the mystery involved in the life of every human being—the mystery of one's infinite capacity for good or evil.

Certainly, we at RKO met no special mysteries in preparing "Hitler's Children" and "Behind the Rising Sun" for the screen. The Nazi mind of the Germans and the will to dominion of the Japanese were open books for anyone to read. For neither the Germans nor the Japanese made any great mystery as to what they were about. True, they dressed it up in mysterious and dramatic trappings for local consumption at home. But the direction of the Nazi mind and the Japanese mind was quite clear from the beginning. Hitler gave the world "Mein Kampf." Tanaka gave us his "Memorial." And in between we had a lot of facts as well as a lot of speeches. We had the periodic purges in Germany. We had the steady wave of Cabinet assassinations in Japan. Everything was blueprinted and telegraphed in advance. Here were two nations, each with an acute inferiority

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complex. Sometimes their techniques were so similar, it was a fine question as to who copied whom. The Germans perfected the Gestapo. The Japanese "improved" upon it with the "thought control" police. The Germans talked about Lebensraum. The Japanese came up with "co-prosperity" and the "four corners of the universe" theory. At times the two programs went off on their own individual tangents but in one respect they were consistently similar from the beginning: they were both aimed at world domination, at the complete subjugation of the individual by the state.

In some respects, Japan may have found it a little easier to mobilize its general plan. For Japan was a feudal society and the road from feudalism to dictatorship is a short one. In Japan the tradition of clan morality and the Emperor worship were ready-made channels for modern enslavement. True, there was a valiant middle class, very small, which tried to stem the tide. There were courageous trade unionists who paid with their lives for their opposition to the totalitarian way of things. But the turns were called by the few powerful families at the top of the heap. The patient millions, who worked in the fields and in the factories, had little to say about anything. The Emperor had little to say too. He was a convenient symbol, easily maneuvered by the Army and Navy groups, in response to the competing clan interests. And with the gradual liquidation of all the Ministers who stood for "peace in Asia," the mold was quickly set.

Germany was something else. There, the Church and the home represented loyalties which could not be merged with Nazism quite so quickly. After all, no one began by worshipping Hitler as a god. There was a very definite parliamentary tradition to reckon with. There was the home as well. The home took its morality, by and large, from the churches. And the churches took theirs from a source beyond the Reichschancellery. Clearly, as time went on some special device was needed to by-pass the influence of the home and the Church, as well as the influence of independent labor and political groups. So the Nazi Youth Movement was born and the youngsters were caught before the home, the Church or any other idealistic influence could reach them.

The race issue, of course, was played up with insidious cleverness by both Germany and Japan. They sang of the superiority of their own races and the inferiority of other races with equal ease. The Japanese, lacking a good sense of humor, even found it possible to bask pleasantly in their designation by the Nazis as "honorary Aryans." The people of both countries found the race fraud not too difficult to accept, for inevitably it was presented in a most attractive form, subtly intertwined with the literature, the art and even the music of the two nations concerned.

This much, I think, we all see clearly. But the key question will puzzle many of us for a long time to come. How closely, we have been asking ourselves, are the German and the Japanese people to be identified with their rulers? For myself, I frankly do not know. I should be inclined, wherever possible, to give the great body of people the benefit of the doubt. Not that the great body of people in Japan and Germany are necessarily innocent. But I have a hunch that most of them had, in the final analysis, very little choice about what happened to them. Once the die was cast, they were in for it.

Here, I submit, is where we have to give some attention to the nature of man. Why, for instance, will some men choose to ride with a given tide? And why will others fight against it? Why is it that the same culture can produce a Bismarck and a Goethe? A Mussolini and a Saint Francis? Or a Tanaka and a Kagawa? And if the answer is that nations, like people, have within them the infinite capacity for good or evil, what can we do so that the good will predominate over the evil? My own feeling is that we have to look inside ourselves for the answers. For we are, in many ways, the very things we oppose in the enemy . . . the people who still think that Hitler was right . . . "only maybe he should have been a little more legal about it" . . . the people who keep on saying democracy is all right . . . "only you just can't make it work" . . . the people who say a certain amount of world unity is all right . . . "but we needn't carry this too far, you know . . . after all, you can't trust anyone who isn't an American" . . . and so on.

We have all been disturbed in recent months by group disturbances in Detroit and in Harlem. Even here in Los Angeles we have had a very special disturbance all our own. A state senator of California, sniffing something subversive in the free trade of ideas between scholars and writers at a conference called by the University of California at Los Angeles, thought the congress should be cancelled forthwith. One cannot help but be reminded of the burning of the books in Germany, yet with this difference: they probably read the books in Germany before they burned them.

Yes, to understand the enemy, we have only to understand ourselves a little better. What kind of people are we anyway? What is this thing called man which is part hero, part heel? What will, upon occasion, lift him above and beyond himself, so that the community goal instead of his own personal gain is his paramount consideration? Well, Hitler knows. So do the Japanese. Their knowledge in this respect does not do them honor, for they have used that knowledge to the detriment of their people and of the world itself. They know what many of us, in a too self-sufficient democracy, are slow to admit. They know that

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man is a creature with a two-way pull. He has one foot on the ground and the other in the stars. He has a body. He has a soul.

Hitler and the Japanese knew what man was made of, even while they mocked him. They knew that there comes a point when it isn't enough for man to put his trust in his fellow man. He has to place it in something bigger than he is. Sometimes a love of country is enough. Sometimes it isn't. But Hitler and the Japanese made doubly sure. They wrapped it up in love of country plus a high pressure form of political mysticism. The Germans were told that to die for Der Fuehrer was to live forever. The Japanese were told that to die for the Emperor was to live forever. And the spiritual fraud was all wrapped up in the most exciting and most dramatic pageantry that could be devised.

The challenge is plain. The enemy has discovered a part of man that our materialists don't think about very much—the thing some of us call a soul. True, we appeal to it somewhat in our churches and in our schools. But does our spiritual dynamic move our people to the degree that the spiritual dynamic of the enemy has moved the Germans and the Japanese? We say that the education of an enemy is an education for death. We say that our education is an education for life. But is it an education for life if we educate only half a man? Is it an education for life if we fail to tap *all* the sources which make a man a complete human being? Somehow, it seems to me, we must learn to channel a truly universal sense of values. These channels, inevitably, will vary according to a wide variety of environment factors. It will take a constant blending of our philosophic, our economic, our political and our spiritual ideals to make the brotherhood of man a contemporary reality. But I believe it can happen, even in our day.

I believe it can happen because of the things I have managed to learn from my own limited study of the enemy. If Hitler can destroy a good part of the world with a spiritual fraud, I believe we can rebuild it with a spiritual truth. It's a matter of giving point and purpose to the deepest and the strongest forces in the very body and soul of man. It's a matter of believing in people.

The Ban on Imagination

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

"Isaac Newton discovered gravitation not because he was a learned man, but because he had the soul of a poet."—Charles-Louis Philippe.

FAIRY TALES and imaginative stories, it seems, are not allowed in many of the nursery schools created by the government to look after the children of defense workers. Here is a victory indeed for a whole group of educators, parents, teachers, psychiatrists, who have crusaded for years against fairy tales, talking animals, nonsense yarns, all of which they consider undesirable for children.

Some of these people say that only "real" stories should be presented to children. "Real" is a vague term. If pressed they say: "Stories scientifically true." Or, "true to life." Or, "verifiable by the senses." They would banish imaginative stories on the ground that they are not "true." "And what do you mean by true?" "Just that. There *are* no fairies. Animals do not talk. One should not tell lies to children." Imaginative tales, we are informed, are dangerous. Children do not realize what is possible or impossible in our material world. They might try to sail out of the window on a carpet, or try to climb a beanstalk. . . .

Most of these objections are hoary chestnuts in the history of literary criticism, wherein they have been applied by moralists to every creation of human fancy. Plato seems to have started it; for most of us, the debate was closed long since and no better last word on the subject exists than Sir Philip Sidney's "Defense of Poesie."

It amounts, therefore, to this: imaginative tales do not prepare children for life as it is. They are misleading. That they are misleading I have found to be true only of adults. They are the ones who lose all sense of proportion. The "belief" children have in imaginative tales is different from what a grown-up usually means by "belief." That is one of the reasons why children can stand a great deal of horror in fairy tales. It does not affect them the way it does us. Thus they do not associate killing with suffering, as we do. Above all, children instinctively make a difference between the "real" and the "actual." Certain things can be real which are not actual. There never was, so far as we know, a pill which would make an Alice so small she could slip into a rabbit hole, but many people remember imagining, some few still can imagine, that such a thing could happen to them. And who has not made a mettlesome steed out of an old chair, who has not embarked on the most wonderful journeys in a hammock? The steed is real and so is the ship, but children are not foolish enough to think that they are actual. It is the adult who may make that blunder, and wise men and children will think him ridiculous, will be properly disgusted and lose all confidence in him.

For such fancies act as a springboard to the imagination of man. They are so instinctive that were we able to do away with all imaginative tales, our children would re-invent them. Consider the phenomenon of animism. It is instinctive for the savage, and so it is for the child. They both feel that material objects are "animated." "But what an inferior state! We should do away with it!"

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Thank God, I do not think we can! Imagination is in man. It is true that I have come across parents who proudly told me that their children never read imaginative stories. And I have wondered what would happen if a whole race were brought up that way, all natural fancy starved or crushed out. Would we not turn into some sort of ghastly utilitarian monsters? After a few generations of that treatment, not only would we have no painting, sculpture or music, but we would have no scientists because we would have no poets. And the worst is that probably we should have evolved a noxious substitute, a devastating creation like "Superman." It is interesting that authorities of Soviet atheist societies have discovered and admitted that suppression of Orthodoxy, with its vivid pageantry, leads to a vast increase of superstition and magic.

★

Of course in all things there must be reasonable measure, whether it be in food for the body or for the mind. So here is no question of stuffing the child with fanciful tales. But by the same token, such are healthy food if taken in right proportion.

Folk tales are folk wisdom coming down to us. Some of them are myths related to the cosmos, others deal with relationships between people, or between us and God. Others are sheer fun, play of words, firecrackers of the imagination. It is of course important that the person who tells a tale, or gives it to a child to read, should himself have a proper understanding of it, or, at least, respect for it. I have noticed that some children do not like imaginative tales because the adults around them secretly despise them, or because they display an affected belief in the "actualness" of the tale which irritates the child. We must always meditate upon the creations of the fancy that we may extract from them the "substantifique moelle," handle them with fitting reverence. A great deal is hidden in fanciful tales, and their exellence lies in the fact that you do not have to explain them to the child. Just tell the story. It would be like planting a seed. Later in life it will reveal itself in many an unexpected way, whether its import and significance unfold themselves consciously, or whether they remain hidden in the toils of the imagination. The tale will always, then, mean richness in store, one way or another, and a chance at a more complete life. For a wishful thinker or a day dreamer is, contrary to common belief, a person who lacks imagination. To live fully requires a great deal of it.

Were it possible for us to give up imaginative tales, as a nation, not only would we in time rob ourselves as creators, but we would evolve an entirely different way of life. For no one can deny that to accomplish this would put us in danger of losing all sense of mystery. And here I refuse

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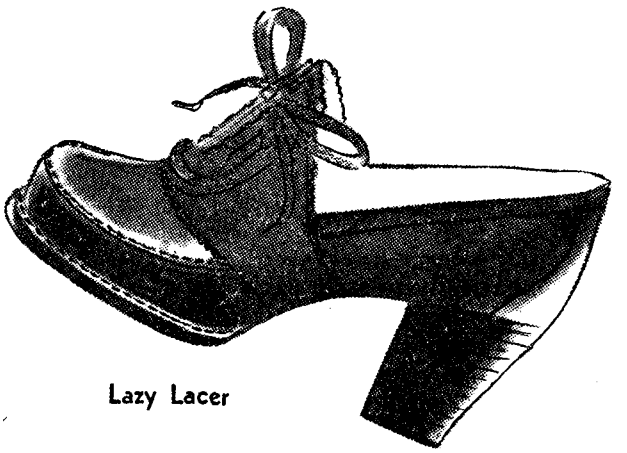

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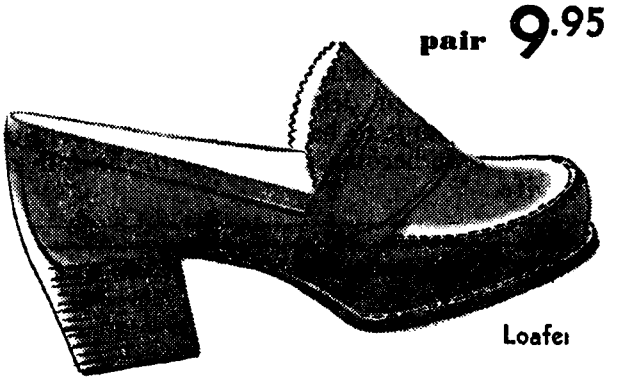

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the answer: "All the better." There are too many things in this world which cannot be explained. We may hope that purely physical phenomena will in time be explained. But we shall still be faced with the mystery of suffering and death. A steady improvement in material conditions or, if possible, in the will of man, will never abolish it. As Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant, we must surely know that. And as such, we partake also in a great mystery.

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Systematically to strip early life of all imaginative tales will bring with it a changed attitude toward all mysteries, even toward the Greatest of them all. Some may say, what matter? We can do away with miracles, parables, the meeting of Jesus with the Devil, the Visit of the Angel to the Holy Virgin. "All this is unnecessary," say they. "Only the teachings of Jesus are needed." Alas! we all know where this leads—to a sterile morality. And, as Claudel has said: "Surely we love Jesus Christ; but nothing on earth could make us love morality." Who would dare say that Jesus died for morality? And if He did not, we are faced with the Mystery of Redemption, the very mystery of human existence. "Everything, indeed, however much our senses can tell us about it, or we can read and learn about it, remains in the end a mystery," says Walter de la Mare in his introduction to "Animal Stories," and in defense of the imaginative tale. Were we able to bring up an entire generation free of mystery, we would not only create insufferable pedants, but we would also turn our back on our Christian heritage and build a civilization whose methods and handling of the problems of life would probably emulate the nazis.

That is why any ban against imaginative tales is more serious than it looks at first. Not only does it rob children of their rightful heritage, not only does it crush or maim or, worst of all, deform the imaginative power without which there is no creation, not only does it sever men from a perennial and lasting source of enjoyment and wisdom, but it induces them to reject all mysteries, or to accept debased and vile mysteries. Let us not attempt to bar access to the world of mystery lest we become a nation with the fate of Lot's wife.

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The Stage & Screen

Outrageous Fortune

AS AN excuse for the most skillful acting I have seen this season, Rose Franken's play is certainly justified, although the play itself is a disaster. Neither morally nor dramatically does the author seem to know her own mind. Setting her piece in the milieu of a wealthy Jewish family situated in suburban New York, Miss Franken has assembled a number of characters in one hand and a number of themes in the other and proceeded to shuffle the deck. Thereafter we get the qualities of matriarchal, matrimonial, normal and abnormal love plus the consequences of racial prejudice and racial reaction, all *personalized* in the play and running up and down its stairs. And these in addition to the embodiment of Love Itself in the shape of a visiting Lady Fixit whose addiction to confusion (she calls it "conflict") motivates most of the action and stretches the piece into three acts and as many scenes. The result of this mélange is, as you will imagine, not a play at all but rather an arrangement of parts—long, various, provocative parts for everyone on the stage. However, it is obvious that a play must amount to more than a sum of its parts, otherwise it will become disarticulated every time one of its characters exits from the stage, which is exactly the case with "Outrageous Fortune." As the actors come and go, themes appear and disappear without any solution at all. So that at the final curtain, when the protagonists are, in the words of Serena Blandish, "Some dying, some dead," one's only conclusion can be that those still left standing about have somehow or other won something. Although what can be the reason for this victory and what can be its prize, it is impossible to know. Unfortunately, while it may be possible to respect Miss Franken's intentions as a dramatist; as a moralist, one doesn't know where she is; and as a thinker, she seems only to share the delusion evidenced by her leading character—that conflict is confusion and that confusion is the point.

Regarding performance, the cast is quite simply superlative. Built into a sort of "Home Free" for her fellow players as well as for the audience, Elsie Ferguson in the rôle of Visiting Genius is an experience. Certainly to a member of my generation, Miss Ferguson's stature and virtuosity as an actress seem entirely enchanting. Entering the stage backwards, she spends most of her time in that position, when not sitting outright on a sofa, mangling an important handkerchief and interviewing the rest of the cast in a curvilinear voice. Also she displays a bemused manner of watching the proceedings and considering her cues which may be the result of the shape of her eyebrows but which I prefer to interpret as an exact attack on the part. All in all, an experience and I admired it very much. For the rest, Maria Ouspenskaya, Margalo Gillmore and Frederic Tozere are equally excellent. As Mr. Tozere is one of the few actors capable of playing a *man* on the stage, his assignment in the most difficult part of the piece results in both good casting and

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good luck on the part of the producer. The detailed perfections of Madame Ouspenskaya's work always come through no matter what medium she employs, and Miss Gillmore turns in another of her accomplished and curiously phrased readings. And in conclusion, Eduard Franz and Margaret Hamilton are precisely as good as you would expect them to be.

If, by her curious exhibition as a playwright, Miss Franken has earned the gratitude of her actors, they certainly deserve hers. (*At the 48th Street.*)

The Petrified Forest

A COMMENDABLE JOB, this also represents a courageous venture on the part of Mary Elizabeth Sherwood; for this producer has reopened the New Amsterdam Roof Theater to present the town with its first working stock company in some time. The productions are planned on a weekly basis and will include new plays as well as revivals, the schedule for this week being "Goodbye Again," the comedy hit in which Osgood Perkins starred some years ago; and the week of November 15 will see a new play, "Crosstown Bus." The theater is an attractive one, ticket prices range from 55c to $2.20, and I may say the lobby vendors have on hand the best (or do I mean the only) chocolate bars in town. In résumé, I thought the performance of Robert E. Sherwood's melodrama very capably done, and if the producer can hold to this standard, it is to be hoped her scheme will have a chance. The play was neatly set, well staged, and with the exception of Wendell K. Phillips in the Leslie Howard rôle of the writer, the cast turned in a smooth performance. I would like especially to mention Barbara Joyce as the girl and John McQuade as the gunman, and will hope to have a chance to discuss the entire plan later on in this column. (*At the New Amsterdam Roof*).

Artists and Models

THIS REVUE is so amplified, it seemed to me like nothing so much as a giant television show where the machinery precedes the talent and where, although you are looking at living artists, you are listening to a radio. Unquestionably Jane Froman deserves and receives a hand for her courageous performance, and I thought the Raye and Naldi and Harold and Lola dancing teams interesting. Other than this, there is lots of music with no tunes, lots of funnymen with no laughs, and lots and lots and lots of girls. Put it down as no artists, all models, and *noise*. (*At the Broadway*).

KAPPO PHELAN.

All That I Know of a Certain Star

"THE NORTH STAR" is paean of praise sung to the *people* of Russia—not the bigwigs who were featured in "Mission to Moscow," but the little people who are really the big people who are defending their homes, fighting and dying for Russia. It is a moving tribute and a cruel and vicious war picture. It has, however, two flaws which detract considerably from its total effect. First, although Samuel Goldwyn's production is

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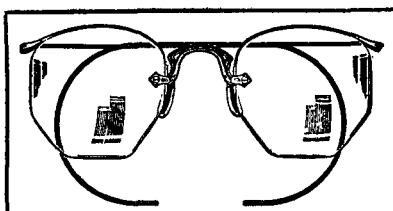

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good, it errs, as do so many expensive Hollywood films, in being excessively slick. The little village of North Star and its humble peasantry are too clean, too noble, too handsome. The homes and the people in them need a touch of sweat and soil. Secondly, it is difficult to believe that any group of people who had known Christianity for so many centuries could, even after surviving recent years without their churches, be so unreligious in the face of disaster and death. In the film, the people are by no means irreligious. They are portrayed, young and old alike, as simply without religion. They live very happily without churches, and they die very heroically without any thought of God. I cannot believe this is a true picture of the Russian people.

Cinematically, however, "The North Star" is extremely stirring. Lewis Milestone has directed Lillian Hellman's screenplay to get the best motion picture values out of its story and heroic lines. The picture opens slowly as the happy villagers of 1940 go about their everyday lives; the oldsters do their farming, housework, doctoring; the youngsters enjoy their last day at school. The actors who portray these people are good types, and the film's early lagging pace gives Director Milestone a wonderful opportunity to introduce a warm feeling for his characters. Five of the youngsters start out on June 20th for a hike to Kiev. We like these carefree, teen-age boys and girls as they sing along the road, discuss life and love. The picture doesn't seem to be getting anywhere but it's bursting with enthusiasm and the Russian for *joie de vivre*. Then out of a beautiful blue sky come the first German planes with death and destruction. In less than an hour's time these youngsters grow up, learn war's terrors and sorrows, realize their duties. The rest of the film shows them smuggling guns through the German lines to the guerrilla bands formed by the townsmen. The exciting and bloody scenes in which these guerrillas retake their town vivify the horrors of war.

Mr. Goldwyn spared no expense on his elaborate production. David Lichine's choreography, Aaron Copland's excellent score, Ira Gershwin's lyrics, William Cameron Menzies's sets and James Wong Howe's fine photography show the result of careful study and thoughtful craftsmanship. The hand picked cast includes Ann Harding, Walter Huston, Walter Brennan, Dean Jagger as village leaders, Anne Baxter, Dana Andrews, Farley Granger, Jane Withers, Eric Roberts as the younger generation, and many players who are fine in small rôles. The mob scenes are unusually well directed. Outstanding is Erich Von Stroheim's portrayal of a "superior-minded" German who sneers at the nazi officers and men, considers himself above them and their shaky philosophy. As a Russian doctor, Huston well points out the responsibility and war guilt of such a German who continues to serve the nazis while he scorns their aims. In spite of much of the film's phoniness, Lillian Hellman's story comes through. But for a movie about the Russians in this war, I again refer you to the U. S. Army film, "The Battle of Russia," which, I have learned since my report on it (COMMONWEAL, November 5, 1943), will soon be released for the public.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Children's Books, 1943

TRYING to prepare this summary is about as hopeless a job as I have undertaken because the war has had the effect of creating utter confusion worse than confounded in the field of books for children. Normally the four or five hundred volumes which American publishers plan for the Christmas season are all ready and bound and sent out to such as myself by the end of September, and you can go through them at your leisure and make some sort of selection and calmly reach some sort of judgment about those you select. But such a system is possible only in normal times when paper is plentiful and when you can buy the inks the ink manufacturers say they make and when there is no limit except your pocketbook on the number of plates you may decide to use to illustrate your books. This year none of these things is possible, and to make the situation more difficult, there is a frantic demand on the part of the public for anything the bookstores can supply. The result comes very close to chaos and leaves a reviewer with the dreadful feeling of having done his job badly and incompletely. First of all, any number of the books planned for this fall simply haven't got through the printers or binders or both in time for their publishers to send out review copies. Some publishers frankly say that certain of their titles, announced for 1943, will probably not be available to the public until 1944. Hence the catalogues, hopefully issued during the summer, are about as unreliable as anything you could imagine. When they state that a book is already issued, it is safe enough to assume that you can buy it—if there are any copies left. But books announced for what was then the future are very likely still in the future, and the only way to check is through your local bookseller. In the briefer-than-usual listings which follow this introduction I have included only two books of which I have not personally seen finished copies, and so you can be sure that any titles you find in this issue of THE COMMONWEAL have actually been published and are available—if you get to your bookstore in time. But this means that there will be many books I have not seen and hence do not here describe gradually trickling through between now and Christmas. On these you will have to use your own judgment. If we have space in our Christmas Book Number (to be published early in December) we shall include a supplementary list of the juveniles published between now and then and which appeal to us as being particularly excellent. Of course the war has also had an effect upon the quality of this year's crop. In many cases the paper on which the books are printed is noticeably inferior, although by and large the paper is excellent. There are far fewer books lavishly illustrated in color, and what volumes have color plates, have less of them than might normally be expected. Since the luxuriousness of recent lists has spoiled us somewhat, perhaps you will think a lot of 1943's juveniles drab and dull. Yet your children will probably not notice the difference. Of course bright colors appeal to them, but black and white drawings can likewise appeal. I have never heard anyone complain about Tenniel's illustrations to "Alice" because they were not colored. There is an element of habit in all this, and

Some of the Best

In view of the circumstances explained in the accompanying text, it is extremely difficult this year to make a truly judicious selection from among children's books. The following titles are singled out more for the convenience of the reader than because I wish to indicate unusual superiority in the books themselves. They are above the average, but so, doubtless, are many others.

SIGURD AND HIS BRAVE COMPANIONS. Sigrid Undset and Gunvor Bull Teilman. Knopf. $2.00. A tale of thirteenth century Norway told by a great storyteller and student of the period and illustrated by one of Norway's most celebrated artists.

MUSGEKO BOY. Edna and Howard Hong. Illustrated by Lee Mero. Augsburg. $2.00. One hundred years ago a Norwegian family emigrated to the broad and generous plains of America's Middle West. Here is their journey seen through the eyes of their small son and told for the benefit of boys and girls under ten. Admirable illustrations. The authors are themselves of Norwegian stock.

DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKS. Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Doubleday. $2.50. The old story of the woman who did, while they were still eggs, and regretted it. Particularly recommended for the pictures.

KEYSTONE KIDS. John R. Tunis. Harcourt. $2.00. A baseball yarn by a fine sports writer who has been turning them out at a high level of quality for years. Last year he introduced a moral—the proper relations which should exist between white and Negro; this year, between Jew and non-Jews.

MANY MOONS. James Thurber and Louis Slobodkin. Harcourt. $2.00. Mr. Thurber has written a finely meaningful story of a little princess who was disconsolate until her father's court jester gave her the moon. How he did it and how she was satisfied is finely philosophical. Why did Thurber not do the pictures himself?

THE 'ROUND AND 'ROUND HORSE. Jeremy Gury and Reginald Marsh. Holt. $1.50. A little boy's grandfather whittles him a horse out of a fallen tree and the boy goes on a journey to New York astride his charger, which gives Mr. Marsh a chance to exercise his fine talent for Metropolitan scenes.

SILENT NIGHT. Hertha Pauli and Fritz Kredel. Knopf. $2.00. Here is a brief history of how the famous carol came to be written and how, though it is not, it achieved the status of a folk song. Kredel's brilliant clarity makes him the perfect illustrator.

THE FRENZIED PRINCE. Pádraic Colum and Willy Pogány. McKay. $3.50. Ancient stories of Ireland, of Finn and Cuchullain, told in a fashion to delight all those who love such tales and wish their children to acquire a similar taste.

THE GOOD-LUCK HORSE. Chih-yi and Plato Chan. Whittlesey. $1.50. This seems to me the "find" of the year. The text is a translation from an old Chinese legend and has the charm you would expect, but the illustrations are beyond compare excellent. They are the work of a young Chinese artist still in his early teens who is supposed to have been painting since the age of two (page Ripley).

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adults are more the slaves of habit than children; hence we are more likely to miss the brightness and even gaudiness of recent peacetime children's books than are the children themselves. . . . And of course the war has had the obvious effect of producing a tremendous number of books about it. The armed services are elaborately covered, our various allies each come in for a share, and there are a number of stories of heroism, both real and fictive. If your boy or girl wants to read about our fighting men and the weapons they fight with, or our women's services and the jobs they do—especially nurses—you will have no trouble supplying their demands.

Once again we find considerable emphasis on Latin America, both in the form of stories and in what might be called more strictly "educational" works—biography, history and geography sugar-coated. The rage for aviation continues unabated, with stories about and lives of aviators as well as plenty of how-to-do-it material. Our own history likewise supplies the theme for an increasing proportion of yarns and simplified biographies. I get the strong impression of a movement away from little tales about animals for little tots. Perhaps this is because books of the sort have to be illustrated, or they are nothing; and plates are restricted. And perhaps my impression is mistaken, warped by the chaotic condition of the trade. Stories about animals for older boys and girls abound as usual.

It is my own opinion that Saint Exupéry's "The Little Prince" comes very close to being a classic—a sad classic, to make the tears flow, but there is a joy in crying even for childhood, and childhood sometimes does not take as tragic what to me as an adult is tragic indeed. But in this opinion I seem to be somewhat alone. The book has had no tremendous success though it was published last spring, and perhaps my judgment is wrong. What I suspect is that the public does not readily accept something from an author which does not fit into the category in which the public has placed that author, and for an imaginative airman to write what amounts to a fairy story—or at least a fanciful allegory—is perhaps too much for the public to swallow.

I wonder, also, whether William Saroyan's "The Human Comedy" would not appeal to boys and girls before they reach that period in their teens when they toughly repudiate anything smacking at all of the sentimental. I suspect that they would like it. I likewise suspect that a great many "adult books" of the last season and of the current season will appeal to boys and girls more than the equivalent, watered-down volumes written especially with them in mind. Here I am thinking of good reportorial jobs on the war. There is no need of listing titles. There are any number of such on the shelves in the bookstores, and most parents have read one or two themselves and may take the hint I hereby give. After all a boy of sixteen is not so many months off from induction, and probably he will be more interested in the real thing than in something dressed up for his edification.

A final word. Remember that there have been publishing seasons before 1943 and that plenty of the children's books which graced the publishers' lists in earlier years are still in print and are just as good as they ever were.

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So that if you find that your bookseller is fresh out of anything current which interests you, ask him whether he has any stock left from last year or the year before, and you may be delighted with the results.

Biographies

In the absence of first-rate imaginative material, I am more and more inclined to feel that good biographies are excellent things for boys and girls to read as soon as they develop an interest in people, and that interest can be developed early if parents will foster it. Here is a group of books from this year's output.

Peter the Great. Nina Brown Baker. Vanguard. $2.50. Of this volume I have seen only a dummy, and hence cannot vouch for the complete text. But the introductory pages gave real promise. The author's previous life of Juarez was a competent piece of work.

Rose of America. Sara Maynard and Richard Bennett. Sheed. $2.00. A life of Saint Rose of Lima by the poet wife of Theodore Maynard.

He Conquered the Andes. Mabel Lorenz Ives. Little. $2.00. The other liberator of South America.

The Life and Times of Simon Bolivar. Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Dodd. $2.50. As usual Mr. Van Loon illustrates his own book charmingly. He pays a fine tribute to the work of the Church with the Indians of South America. An excellent book, although its last sentence slightly troubles my feeling of the fitness of things.

Thomas Jefferson. Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Dodd. $2.50. Another good biography, published last spring, for the two hundredth anniversary of its hero.

Freedom's Flag. Rupert Sargent Holland. Macrae. $2.00. A somewhat fictionalized life of Francis Scott Key, the author of a fairly well known song.

The Story of George Gershwin. David Ewen. Holt. $2.50. Now that Gershwin has graduated into the position of being an American classic, it is fitting that his life should be available for young music lovers.

Chopin. Antoni Gronowicz and George Avison. Nelson. $2.50. This is listed as being for children fourteen years old and over, presumably about the age when young piano students first begin to wrestle with the composition of this great Pole. I think it would be suitable for younger children as well.

Twenty Modern Americans. Alice Cecilia Cooper and Charles A. Palmer. Harcourt. $2.00. Most of the subjects of these sketches are still living; they are supposed to afford young people a challenge to make their lives into something useful and satisfying.

Young Heroes of the War. Joseph Gollomb and Alice Taylor. Vanguard. $2.50. So far I have had only a look at the dummy of this book; it includes stories of children of almost all the United Nations.

The How and Why of Things

Books intended to guide children in their interests are always helpful. Naturally the war comes in for its share of such volumes.

Guide to Bird Watching. Joseph J. Hickey and Francis Lee Jaques. Oxford. $3.50. This is not intended for children at all, yet I am sure that many an older boy and girl who has developed an interest in birds would love it. It is an excellent job.

Flying Power. C. J. Hyland. Macmillan. $2.00. The scientific aspect of flying simply explained and diagrammed.

Stories from Great Metropolitan Operas. Helen Dike and Tenggren. Random. $2.00. The stories of 25 operas rewritten and illustrated, together with their main musical themes. Admirably well done.

Songs and Games of the Americas. Collected and translated by Frank Henius. Illustrated by Oscar Fabres. Scribner.

This Publishing Business

SAINTS WERE CHILDREN TOO

Chesterton once said that if a child of six were told that Tommy opened the door and saw a lion he would be excited, but that a child of three would be excited if told only that Tommy opened the door. Any parent knows that this expresses a profound truth in the matter of juveniles: you can read anything to a child of three; at six he is more critical—perhaps—from ten to fourteen much more critical—certainly.

For by ten years' old school has done its deadly work on the child. Chesterton has also expressed this when he recalls his own enjoyment of learning poetry and even the Greek alphabet from his father in the way of play and contrasts it with learning anything at school "during the period of what is commonly called education; that is, the period during which I was being instructed by somebody I did not know about something I did not want to know."

Here then is the hard task of the writer of saints' lives for older children. He must tell them something of the days the saint lived in—and that is suspect as a History Lesson; something of the country he lived in—and that is a Geography Lesson; something of the saint's holiness—and that may well be Religious Instruction insidiously disguised.

Both Sara Maynard and Mary Fabyan Windeatt have escaped these snares by the simple but difficult expedient of making saints interesting—and making them too saints who really were once children themselves: Benedict with an old nurse who wanted him to keep his feet dry and did not want him to be a hermit: Rose with a hut in the garden and mosquitoes who did not buzz or sting when she told them to behave. Getting to know these children the young reader will want to know the things about them: the whens (even if that is a kind of history) the wheres (which now is not so much geography as like looking up on a map where your father may be in Africa) and above all the kind of thing that made a boy or girl become a saint. This part is really so interesting that parents and teachers might well learn from it how to lead back from the saints into a kind of religious instruction that ceases to be "just one more lesson." So in the end it may happen to each of these books that, in the words of the immortal Belloc of *Cautionary Tales* and *The Moral Alphabet*:

A parent will send for a dozen or more
And strew them about on the nursery floor.

—M. W. S.

HERO OF THE HILLS, by Mary Fabyan Windeatt, $1.75

ROSE OF AMERICA, by Sara Maynard, $2.00

In case your children have missed them so far:

LAD OF LIMA, by Mary Fabyan Windeatt, $1.75

THE CHURCH'S PLAY (teaching the Mass to children), by Grace Hurrell, $1.50

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$2.00. The illustrator is a Chilean, and this book has much which is quaint and instructive about it.

The Little Angel. Alice Dalgliesh and Katherine Milhous. Scribner. $2.00. This is really a story, but it is based upon the famous drawings of Jean Baptiste Debret illustrating Brazilian life in the early nineteenth century. Hence it seems to me that the interest in the book is more educational than fictional. Well done.

American Garden Flowers. Gladys Lynwall Pratt. Random. $1.00. Another book for boys and girls who already know something about the subject.

Watchwords of Liberty. Selected and illustrated by Robert Lawson. Little. $2.00. The first watchword is by William Bradford and the last by Franklin Roosevelt; typographically attractive—the drawings are fully up to the artist's standard.

Here Come the Elephants. Gertrude Orr. Caxton. $2.50. A great deal about circus elephants; you almost feel as though you might like to have one of your own.

The Junior Book of Camping and Woodcraft. Bernard S. Mason. Barnes. $2.00. A compendious treatment of the subject.

Soldiers, Sailors, Fliers and Marines. Mary Elting and Robert T. Weaver. Illustrated by Jean Bendick. Doubleday. $2.00. A lot about the life and organization of our armed forces for boys and girls between seven and ten.

First to Fight. Capt. W. P. McCahill and E. Franklin Wittmack. McKay. $2.50. The history, uniforms, exploits and customs of the Marines for older boys and a certain number of older girls.

Enemy Brothers. Constance Savery. Longmans. $2.50. This is really a story, but its purpose is to inform children as to the difference between a free people and a people chained to an ideology. Well done for this kind of thing.

Air Navigation. Herbert A. Zim. Harcourt. $3.00. The indefatigable Mr. Zim produces another of his handsome manuals for adolescents.

Half a Hemisphere. Delia Goetz. Harcourt. $2.50. History of Latin America.

Australia. Grace Allen Hogarth. Houghton. $2.00. A combined history and geography of the island continent in the same format as last year's "The story of the other America."

They Came from France. Clara Ingram Judson. Houghton. $2.00. New Orleans in 1741. Perhaps this should be listed among the stories, but again its intent is obviously to give information and hence I put it in here. Well done.

Of recent years there has been considerable interest in what are known as "career books." The idea is to describe a profession or activity in fictional form so that young people may get the feel of it. Two books seem to fall into this category:

Susie Stewart, Home Front Doctor. Caroline A. Chandler, M.D. Dodd. $2.00. This is one of the best career book series, each volume written by a successful practitioner of the profession described.

Ann Bartlett at Bataan. Martha Johnson. Crowell. $2.00. Here the emphasis is much more on the story and less on the career.

In a sense religion performs the supreme answering function, both to "How?" and to "Why?"

A Child's Story of the Nativity. Louise Raymond. Random. $1.50. There exists a Catholic as well as a Protestant edition of this book, which will please most parents and children. The illustrations are a little sentimental for my taste, but good of their kind.

The First Christmas. Florida R. Glover and Susanne Suba. Dutton. $1.00. A thoroughly charming little book. The illustrations have real merit and the text is admirable; unfortunately the Scriptural quotations are taken from a Protestant version and no Catholic edition is available.

Tell Me About God. Mary Alice Jones. Rand. $2.00. Much to-do has been made over this volume. It is studiously "non-denominational," with the result that it seems terribly washed out, for anything which might offend anybody, no matter what his faith, has been eliminated.

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Stories Mostly to Be Read

The following are roughly arranged according to the ages for which they are intended, although of course it is hard to be absolutely accurate about it. Thus the first several books are suitable for children who have just learned to talk and the last for children just beginning to read themselves—say about eight or nine years old.

The Little Builders. Nell Reppy. Simon. $1.00. All the simple operations of construction are here presented in pictures and story, presumably for children who have seen such goings-on.

The Climbing Book. Charlotte Steiner and Mary Burlingham. Vanguard. $1.00. A novelty item; the book unfolds into a long strip with a Christmas tree on either side and with a little boy climbing up the front half and down the back.

Playboy Penguin. Helen and Alf Evers. Rand. $.50. A very simple tale of a baby penguin and how he learns to get along.

Their First Igloo. Barbara True and Marguerite Blackwood. Illustrated by Gladys Rourke Blackwood. Whitman. $1.00. An almost equally simple tale of some small Eskimo children who live on Baffin Island.

A Puppy for Keeps. Quail Hawkins and Kurt Wiese. Holiday. $1.00. Once again the endlessly exciting adventure of acquiring a pet.

Pogo's Sky Ride. Jo and Ernest Norling. Holt. $1.25. A ride through the newest medium conquered by man.

When We Grow Up. Gladys Turley Mitchell. Whitman. $1.00. Pictures and text showing children performing the jobs of adults and thus familiarizing them with useful daily tasks.

Oh, Little Lulu. Marge. McKay. $1.00. I am not absolutely sure that these *Satevepost* cartoons will have any very great appeal for children, but I know that their appeal to adults is almost universal, and perhaps some children will like them too. Just drawings, no text.

Jack Horner and Song of Sixpence. Emily Barto. Longmans. $.85. Familiar old nursery rhymes dressed up with charming illustrations.

The Gremlins. Flight Lt. Roald Dahl. Random. $1.00. The illustrations to Lt. Dahl's account of our latest little people are Disney originals, many of them in full color.

All About Oscar, the Trained Seal. Mabel Neikirk. Winston. $2.00. The title is self-explanatory.

Happiness for Sale. Grace Noll Crowell and Lee Mero. Augsburg. $.75. A rather sentimental Christmas story in the Dickens tradition, with pictures reminiscent of the same.

A Squash for the Fair. Grace Paull. Doubleday. $1.50. A country life story of a young girl who raises a squash with which to get a prize at the county fair.

Nicodemus Helps Uncle Sam. Inez Hogan. Dutton. $1.00. Another story in a Negro series which has won its way to the hearts of many children.

Timothy Tiger. Marjorie Barrows and Keith Ward. Rand. $.50. A novelty item in which the eyes of the tiger absorb light and glow briefly in the dark; elephants, crocodiles, etc., roam through these pages.

Cocky, the Little Helicopter. Jack Alden and Clarence Biers. Rand. $1.00. A helicopter treated as a child and going through all the routine of its daily activities and care, assimilated to those of a child.

Missouri Canary. Phil Stong. Dodd. $2.00. The "canary" is a particularly noisy mule who lives with his master in Iowa.

Bow Bells. Katharine Gilson and Vera Bock. Longmans. $2.00. The old familiar story of Dick Whittington and his cat retold and re-illustrated with skill.

Pepito at Capistrano. Joan and Josephine Constantino. Illustrated by Lucia Patton. Whitman. $1.00. An Indian boy in Southern California witnesses the coming of the swallows to the mission of San Juan Capistrano, which takes place annually on the nineteenth of March.

Jerry Jake Carries On. May Justus and Christine Chisholm. Whitman. $1.50. In grandfather's absence it becomes neces-

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Featured: "Europe and the Smaller Peoples," by Christopher Dawson. ***Also:*** "The Landscape of Contemplation," by Edward I. Watkin—"Political Myths and the Conversion of the Germans"—"The Comintern in Retrospect."

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sary for a young boy to do the chores and daily tasks normally performed by older people.

A Horse for Christmas. Julie Bedier and Louise Trevisan. Longmans. $1.00. This and the following are two new items in what seems to be a series produced by the Maryknoll Sisters and Fathers and rapidly acquiring a real following. The present item deals with making a creche in China.

Little Miss Moses. Julie Bedier and Louise Trevisan. Longmans. $1.00. China again.

Dogie Boy. Edith Heal and Armstrong Sperry. Whitman. $2.00. The function of a boy in taking care of sickly calves in the cattle region of the Southwest.

Captain Peggy of the "Mamie-L." Helen Dickson and Marion Merrill. Nelson. $2.00. A Pacific Coast lumber family and the daughter who wants to be a nurse and travels to school in her motor boat, the *Mamie-L.*

Once Upon a Time. Told by Agnes Fisher and illustrated by Zhenya Gay. Nelson. $2.50. Folk tales, myths and legends culled from the heritages of the various United Nations. Good in themselves, quite apart from the present political situation.

Treasure Cave Trail. Marion Merrill and Sandra James. Morrow. $2.00. Adventures on Halloween.

I should like to conclude this list with a general recommendation of a series published by Simon and Schuster under the general editorship of Mary Reed. It is called "The Little Golden Library" and the volumes sell for 25 cents. The illustrations are in good color and black and white, and here is certainly one of the best bargains on the market. The only trouble is that they are so popular you may find them out of stock and hard to get. Here are the available titles:

Three Little Kittens. Illustrated by Masha.
Bedtime Stories. Illustrated by Tenggren.
The Alphabet from A to Z. Leah Gale and Vivienne Blake.
Mother Goose. Illustrated by Miss Elliott.
Prayers for Children. Illustrated by Rachel Taft Dixon.
The Little Red Hen. Illustrated by Rudolf.
Nursery Songs. Leah Gale and Corinne Malvern.
The Poky Little Puppy. Janette Sebring Lowrey and Tenggren.
The Golden Book of Fairy Tales. Illustrated by Winfield Hoskins.
My First Book. Illustrated by Bob Smith.
The Animals of Farmer Jones. Illustrated by Rudolf Freund.
This Little Piggy and Other Counting Rhymes. Illustrated by Roberta Paflin.
The Golden Book of Birds. Hazel Lockwood and Feodor Rojankovsky.
Nursery Tales. Illustrated by Masha.
The Lively Little Rabbit. Ariane and Tenggren.
The Golden Book of Flowers. Mabel Witman and m.h.

Stories, Mostly to Read

Look Out Yonder. Valenti Angelo. Viking. $2.00. An American family goes back to the land and makes some very interesting friends among Italian Americans.

The Beggar's Penny. Catherine Cate Coblentz and Hilda van Stockum. Longmans. $2.50. A story of the siege of Leyden during the wars of the Lowlanders against Spanish tyranny.

Gerrit and the Organ. Hilda van Stockum. Viking. $2.50. Sixty years ago—more or less—in Holland, with all the color and flavor of that day and country by a writer and illustrator with a gift for making such things vivid.

Young Cowboys at the Broken Arrow. Marion R. Bell and Donna M. Geyer. Illustrated by Harve Stein. Whitman. $1.75. Six New York boys spend a summer vacation on a Wyoming ranch and have plenty of adventures in the process.

Teresita of the Valley. Florence Crannell Means and Nicholas

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Panesis. Houghton. $2.00. A story of Spanish-speaking people who live on the Colorado-New Mexico border.

Silver Saddle. Covelle Newcomb and Addison Burbank. Longmans. $2.25. Miss Newcomb, whose biography of Cardinal Newman for young readers was so admirably done, gives us a story of a young boy and his horse who take a trip into Mexico.

A Year to Grow. Helen Conway. Longmans. $2.00. Life in a Sacred Heart convent and the transformation under the gentle tutelage of the nuns of a shy and awkward girl.

Liberty for Johnny. Adelaide H. and John C. Wonsetler. Longmans. $2.50. A Pennsylvania Dutch boy and his exciting adventures during the winter of Valley Forge.

Out of the Sun. Rutherford G. Montgomery and Clayton Knight. McKay. $2.00. Young American Marines who fly their planes over the Pacific.

The Pledge of Piang. F. P. Stuart. Appleton. $2.25. The pledge of a Filipino youth in the days before Pearl Harbor and an account of fighting the Japanese on those islands.

Mounted Messenger. Cornelia Meigs and John C. Wonsetler. Macmillan. $2.00. Two children who play a part in the French and Indian wars meet many an American patriot and do their bit, with indications pointing to future American unity.

Jon of the Albany Belle. Hazel Raybold Langdale and Sandra James. Dutton. $2.00. Adventures in New York City *circa* 1850.

War Belts of Pontiac. William H. Bunce and I. B. Hazleton. Dutton. $2.00. The famous Indian chief and the trouble he made along the Ohio and the Detroit Rivers, before the opening of the west.

Twelve Months Make a Year. Elizabeth Coatsworth and Marguerite Davis. Macmillan. $2.00. Makes romantic the homespun life of New England the year round.

The Model Airplane Mystery. Adrian Stoutenberg. Doubleday. $2.00. Two boys who built them and who run into mysterious doings on an isolated and mysterious property belonging to a certain Captain Blue.

Lone Boy. Margaret Ann Hubbard and Gertrude Howe. Macmillan. $2.00. Helena, Montana, in the 1880's with a sympathetically portrayed Chinese laundryman.

The Picts and the Martyrs. Arthur Ransome. Macmillan. $2.50. More of what we have come to expect from Mr. Ransome: a potpourri of history, past and present, woven through children's imagination into a sort of mystery.

Starbuck Valley Winter. Roderick L. Haig-Brown and Charles De Feo. Morrow. $2.00. Trapping in British Columbia.

Great Caesar's Ghost. Manning Coles. Doubleday. $2.00. Adventures in Africa on an archaeological expedition.

Winter on the Johnny Smoker. Mildred Houghton Comfort and Henry C. Pitz. Morrow. $2.00. Life on an old side-wheeler river boat.

Barrie and Daughter. Rebecca Caudill and Berkeley Williams, Jr. Viking. $2.00. The Kentucky hills fifty years ago.

Theater Caravan. Terry Carvel. Doubleday. $2.00. A girl wants to establish a community theater in her home town in the Pacific Northwest and proceeds to do so.

Subchaser Jim. Josef Berger and Jack Coggins. Little. $2.00. A young East Coast fisherman becomes a naval officer and does heroic deeds to overcome the submarine menace.

Trappers' Trail. Rutherford Montgomery and Harold Cressingham. Holt. $2.00. Boys in the Old West and along the Santa Fe Trail.

Johnny Tremaine. Esther Forbes and Lynd Ward. Houghton. $2.50. By the author of the best seller, "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In." She describes the present story of Boston in 1773 as a "novel for old and young."

Second Shift. Phyllis Crawford and Graham Bernbach. Holt. $2.00. A frighteningly active young lady thinks she isn't doing enough for the war effort and takes a job from 4 P.M. to midnight in a factory making airplane parts.

N. B. The above are arranged approximately in the order of the ages for which they are intended, the first being for children between about 8 and 12, and the last for children above 12.

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. . . or can each one help the missions, or not, his whole life long, as a work of supererogation? The answer is found in the command of our Lord, "Teach all nations," which is addressed to every one of us. Those who refuse to cooperate in the missionary life of the Church refuse a solemn duty. But in the case of the medical missions our love should go even beyond our duty and make us do all we can to save souls and help wretched, suffering bodies by aiding the missions.

The Catholic Medical Mission Board offers you a clearing house where you can send money and supplies for the missions, confident that they will be forwarded to the needy missions which appeal for that particular help. Donations of materials are best sent by prepaid railroad freight, door to door delivery. Send whatever you can give to the Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., President, Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 West 17th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

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The Inner Forum

Encyclical on Biblical Studies

ON SEPTEMBER 30, feast of Saint Jerome, Pope Pius XII issued an Encyclical on the study of Sacred Scriptures to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Leo XIII's *Providentissimus Deus,* described by the Vatican Radio as the "Magna Carta, so to speak, of those studies among Catholics." The first part of Pius XII's letter deals with the achievements in biblical science during the past half century.

The second part makes a number of important points. Here are a few as summarized by the Vatican Radio: "Equipped with a profound knowledge of languages and with a sound and solid critical sense, the exegetist approaches the special task of sorting out and expounding the real mind of the sacred authors. The first aim of his efforts will be to render in a literal sense, directly expressed by the words of the sacred text, but we must not neglect the spiritual or typical sense. Here the Encyclical reaches the point of fundamental importance. In the first place by affirming that Revelation alone can manifest to us whether or not a determined spiritual or typical sense is contained in a given biblical sense. In the second place by recalling that figurative meanings of another kind, as for example, certain symbolisms of things or of numbers, can indeed be used with due moderation and restraint. . . .

"The consensus of the Fathers and the judgment of the Church constitute the law for the Catholic interpretation of the Bible. But these two criteria are assisted to but a few points in relation to the vast content of the Bible, as can be gathered from the immense mass of material which present-day knowledge of the ancient oriental world offers us. In this connection a conspicuous place must be assigned to an understanding of the manner of thought and expression of those ancient people, in consequence of which through observations of the literary expressions employed by them we can better determine the thoughts of the biblical writers and resolve many difficulties which from a superficial reading are advanced by some as an evidence against the veracity of the Bible. . . .

"The vast amount of newly discovered knowledge acquired through a greater understanding of Holy Scripture must also benefit the ordinary faithful. Therefore priests should see to it that this great treasury of scriptural knowledge be imparted to their flock through the medium of preaching and through the Press. . . . In concluding the Encyclical the thoughts of the Supreme Pastor of the Church could not even here fail to dwell on the terrible war which is afflicting the peoples of the world. The sole remedy of its evils is a return to Christ, and Christ reveals Himself to us in the scriptures. Ignorance of the scriptures, as Saint Jerome wrote, is ignorance of Christ. . . ."

CONTRIBUTORS

Emmet LAVERY is the producer of two recent films, "Hitler's Children" and "Behind the Rising Sun." He is author of "The First Legion" and "Second Spring." This article is based on a talk at the Hollywood Writers' Congress at U.C.L.A.

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